



18th Battalion Association

Windsor and Detroit Branch

MEMORIES

Some time ago, we read of the passing of an 82 year old woman named Lahoud. We remembered her as the operator of a large rooming house at the corner of Windsor Avenue and Chatham Street during the first war.

Among her roomers were Andy Galbraith, Jock Campbell and Durwood, who were all with the First Division, and Jimmy McClelland who was with with Eighteenth. At that time, she was a tough old dame. She had to be to handle that crowd.

Jimmy McClelland was born in Scotland and had only been in the United States a few years when war was declared. He later came over to Windsor to enlist. Jimmy was in his mid-thirties and was articulate and witty. He was also fond of his Johnny Walker, and after we were nicely settled in London, he soon found out there was a guard room. When we arrived in England, he did much better as he was too tired to walk to Hythe after the strenuous training. Jimmy was wounded late in 1916. It was after the Somme. To hear Jimmy tell it, when he was hit on the arm, he thought he had a nice little blighty. It turned out to be more serious as he lost the partial use of his arm.

After being hospitalized in England, Jimmy returned to Canada, was discharged, and came to live in Windsor. He was always at loggerheads with the local office of the D.S.C.R. as he always claimed he was not getting a pension consistent with his wounds. He argued with Col. Casgrain, Dr. Crassweller, and a relieving Doctor from London. The latter suggested he should go to Westminster for a thorough examination. When he got down there, they put him in the Dardanelles and started giving him psychiatric treatment. Jimmy returned somewhat subdued.

A few months later, he moved to Detroit and some of the fellows who met him there claimed he was working as a lookout for one of the bookies in Greektown. Jimmy later left Detroit, and several years later he returned to Windsor claiming he had been living in California. He also mentioned he had been in the movies. It appears that when they were making the picture "Calvacade" there was a mob scene at the station as the troop train was pulling out. Jimmy was one of the mob. The casting director was a former British Officer who often went to the British Veterans Club in Los Angeles for extras and Jimmy was one of those selected. Several years later, Jimmy had a heart attack and passed away, the only mourners at his funeral service being some former members of the Battalion. Jimmy lived the kind of life he liked and never tried to change or alter it. It was a lonesome life as he never married. With all his failings, Jimmy was still a nice chap and absolutely honest. He was also quietly proud of his service with the 18th Battalion.